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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

10 UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT

11 FOR THE CENTRAL DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA

12 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

13 Plaintiff,

14 v.

15 SALVADOR PLASENCIA,
16 aka "Dr. P,"

17 Defendant.

CR No. 24-236-SPG(A)-2

NOTICE OF LODGING VICTIM IMPACT
STATEMENTS

Sentencing Date: December 3, 2025
Sentencing Time: 9:00 a.m.
Location: Courtroom of the Hon.
Sherilyn Peace
Garnett

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22 Plaintiff United States of America, by and through its counsel
23 of record, the First Assistant United States Attorney for the Central
24 District of California and Assistant United States Attorneys Ian V.
25 Yanniello and Haoxiaohan Cai, hereby files this notice of Victim
26 Impact Statements received by the government relating to the

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1 sentencing of defendant Salvador Plasencia. The Victim Impact
2 Statements are Attached as Exhibits A and B.

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5 Dated: December 2, 2025

Respectfully submitted,

6 BILAL A. ESSAYLI
7 First Assistant United States
8 Attorney

9 IAN V. YANNIELLO
10 Assistant United States Attorney
11 Chief, National Security Division

12 /s/

13 IAN V. YANNIELLO
14 HAOXIAOHAN CAI
15 Assistant United States Attorney

16 Attorneys for Plaintiff
17 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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EXHIBIT A

Victim Impact Statement for use in the sentencing of Salvador Plasencia

From Suzanne and Keith Morrison
December 3, 2025

How do you measure grief? Can you possibly provide any rational accounting?

The bottom falling out? Yes, that. Here was a life so entwined with ours and held aloft sometimes with duct tape and bailing wire, with anything that might keep that big terrible thing from killing our first-born son, and our hearts with him.

And then those greedy jackals come out of the dark, and all the effort is for naught; it all crashes down.

Many people, mothers mostly, have told me over the years how a thing like that breaks you, makes you feel broken. And I didn't quite get what that meant until I watched what this thing did to Matthew's mother. Still does, two years on. It's a deep well, can't see the bottom yet.

There is a confusion of emotions. Anger seethes away down deep, whether you want it to or not. And there's the playing out of unalterable events, over and over and over. As if it could make any difference now. And the dull ache goes on and on.

Memories are like little knives. That funny, brilliant, demanding, insecure, annoying kid, bursting with talent, always the center of attention. Because you couldn't take your eyes off him. Not when he was a famous TV star..not when he was just a brash kid. That Matso-ratso, his mom used to call him.

She - Suzanne - warned me, when we got serious about each other, that no man could ever come between her and that boy. She certainly didn't expect that addiction would do that very thing, or that he'd be hastened to an early death by the very people he trusted.

And now we are left with...victim impact statements.

And people all around the world could join us in those. Even now, when we visit his grave, we find little momentos there: Flowers of course, and coins, and bits of Friends swag, little stuffed toys, batman stickers, notes scrawled on scraps of paper, and cards and letters full of emotion. Often full of gratitude..

His story moved so many people.

And he wanted, needed, deserved..a third act. It was ..in the planning.

And then, those jackals.

I believe the man you are going to sentence today is among the most culpable of all. His crime I find truly hard to understand.

Here was a man who'd studied for years and years, poured sweat and tears, I imagine, into his quest to become a doctor. A long road with a narrow gate, to enter that esteemed profession. Why become a doctor?
To cure the sick of course. To heal people. To save lives.

I imagine too that the most important and sacred promise he ever made was the Hippocratic oath... that ancient vow to, first, do no harm.

Sometimes it's a little easier to understand when a person commits a terrible crime. Maybe in the heat of passion, or because that person makes one very bad decision.. Or some drug dealer, bad to the bone, who takes the calculated risk of getting caught and spending many years in prison. .

But...a doctor? Who trades on respect, and trust?
And not just one bad decision.. No one alive and in touch with the world at all could have been unaware of Matthew's struggles. But this doctor conspired to break his most important vows, repeatedly, sneaked through the night to meet his victim in secret. For what, a few thousand dollars? So he could feed on the vulnerability of our son...and crow, as he did so, with that revealing question: "I wonder how much this moron will pay. Let's find out."

Some things are very hard to understand.

Thanks for listening.

EXHIBIT B

From: [Debbie Perry](#)
To: [Yanniello, Ian \(USACAC\)](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Victim Statement M Perry
Date: Tuesday, December 2, 2025 11:52:19 AM

First our apologies to the court for John's absense. He is not able to travel due to health issues.

Victim Statement to defendant:

You don't deserve to hear our feelings. How you devastated our family contributing to the loss of Matthew our only son. A warm, loving man who was to be our rock as we aged. An uncle to our grandchildren and the mountain his siblings could turn to. Our next Patriarch.

This branch of the Perry family, who came over on the Mayflower, has ended now.

Matthew's recovery counted on you saying NO.

Your motives? I can't imagine. A doctor whose life is devoted to helping people? What ever were you thinking? How

long did you possibly see supplying Matthew

countless doses without his death to eventually follow? Did you care? Did you think? How many more people have you harmed that we don't know about? We ask the court to give you plenty of time to think about your actions by extending your sentence beyond the mandatory time.

Thank you.

John and Debbie Perry

Love and light,

Debbie Perry |

